FIRST COMICS
APR 46 1989
$1.95 $2.45 CANADA
MIKE BARON · RON LIM · PAUL ABRAMS
BADGER
™

BADGER™

CREATED BY **MIKE BARON**

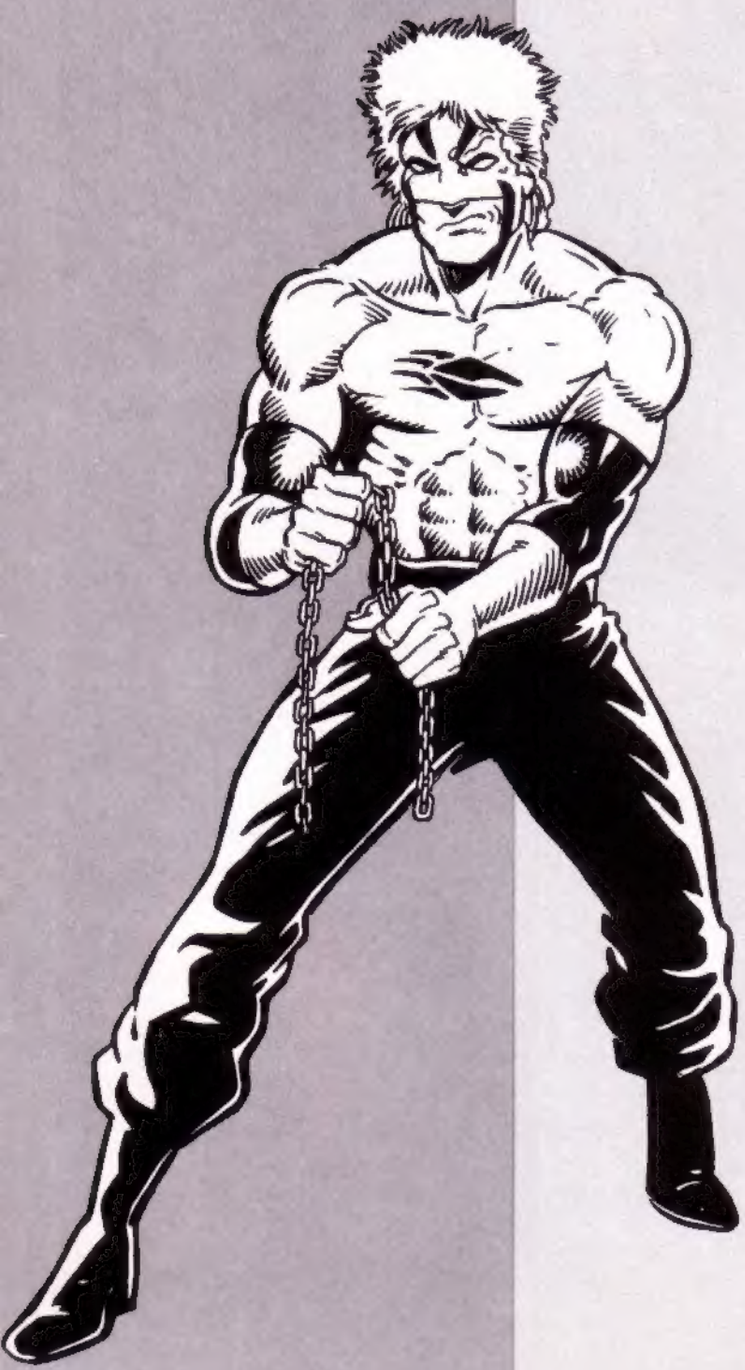
A self-styled crime fighter who rides the highways and by-ways of America, the **Badger** metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast food clerks, in fact, *any damn body he feels like because he's CRAZY!*

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: It's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger lives with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

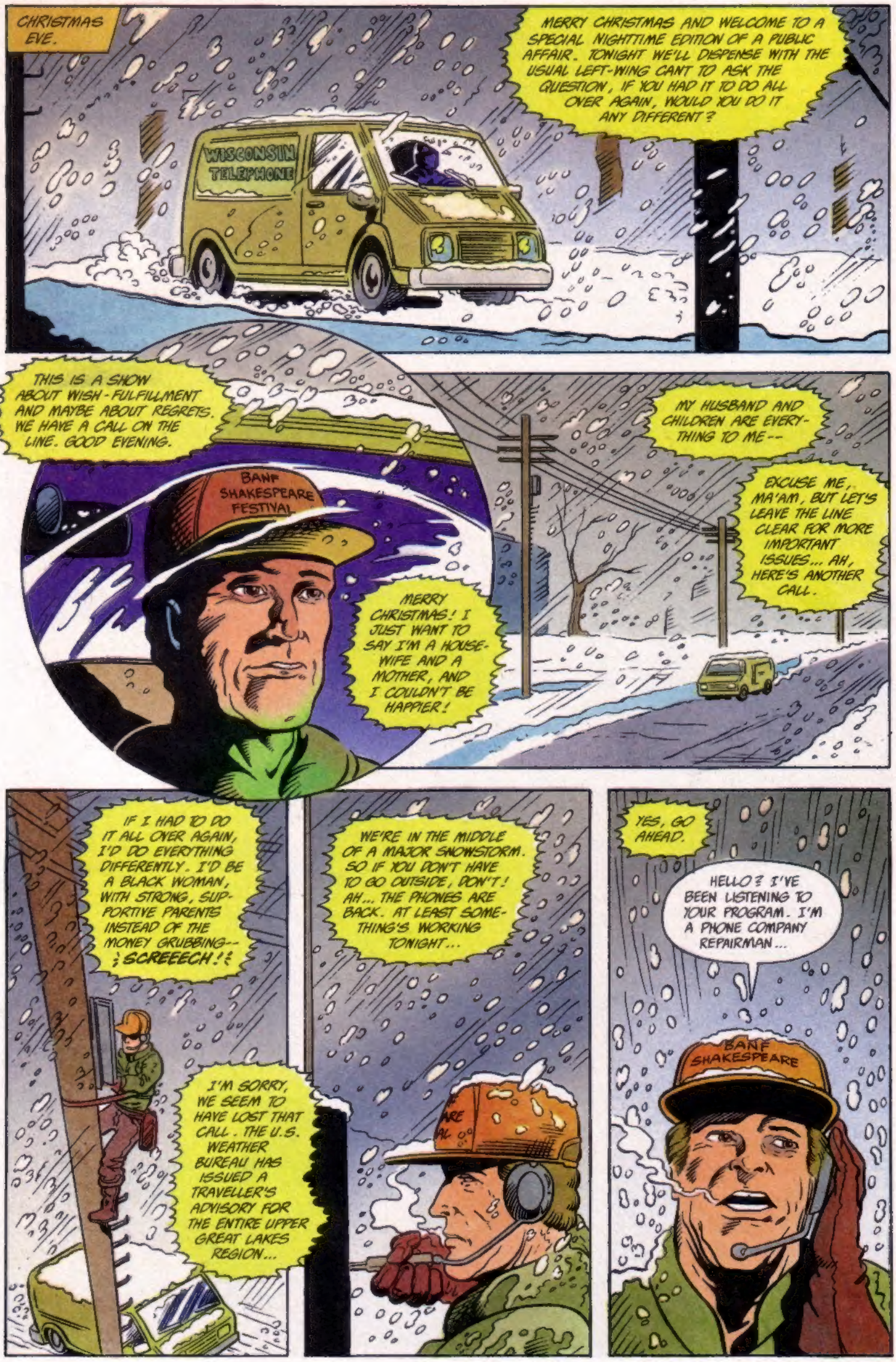
Badger calls everyone Larry.



Last Issue: Badger awoke to find himself married to **Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D.**, and promptly took off for a snake-snapping battle with **Dr. Buick Riviera** and his **IBOB** cabal. The good doctor got a few good kicks in herself. But enough of this gratuitous violence. It's Christmas.

BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 46 April, 1989. Published by FIRST COMICS, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1988 First Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: $1.95 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: $23.50 in the U.S., $25.50 in Canada, and $45.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual person, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Clonezone and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Comics, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Comics, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION


CHRISTMAS EVE.
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND WELCOME TO A SPECIAL NIGHTTIME EDITION OF A PUBLIC AFFAIR. TONIGHT WE'LL DISPENSE WITH THE USUAL LEFT-WING CANT TO ASK THE QUESTION, IF YOU HAD IT TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN, WOULD YOU DO IT ANY DIFFERENT?
WISCONSIN TELEPHONE
THIS IS A SHOW ABOUT WISH-FULFILLMENT AND MAYBE ABOUT REGRETS. WE HAVE A CALL ON THE LINE. GOOD EVENING.
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
MERRY CHRISTMAS! I JUST WANT TO SAY I'M A HOUSE-WIFE AND A MOTHER, AND I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER!
MY HUSBAND AND CHILDREN ARE EVERY-THING TO ME--
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT LET'S LEAVE THE LINE CLEAR FOR MORE IMPORTANT ISSUES... AH, HERE'S ANOTHER CALL.
IF I HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN, I'D DO EVERYTHING DIFFERENTLY. I'D BE A BLACK WOMAN, WITH STRONG, SUP-PORTIVE PARENTS INSTEAD OF THE MONEY GRUBBING--
;SCREEECH!;
I'M SORRY, WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST THAT CALL. THE U.S. WEATHER BUREAU HAS ISSUED A TRAVELLER'S ADVISORY FOR THE ENTIRE UPPER GREAT LAKES REGION...
WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MAJOR SNOWSTORM. SO IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE, DON'T! AH... THE PHONES ARE BACK. AT LEAST SOME-THING'S WORKING TONIGHT...
YES, GO AHEAD.
HELLO? I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM. I'M A PHONE COMPANY REPAIRMAN...
BANF SHAKESPEARE

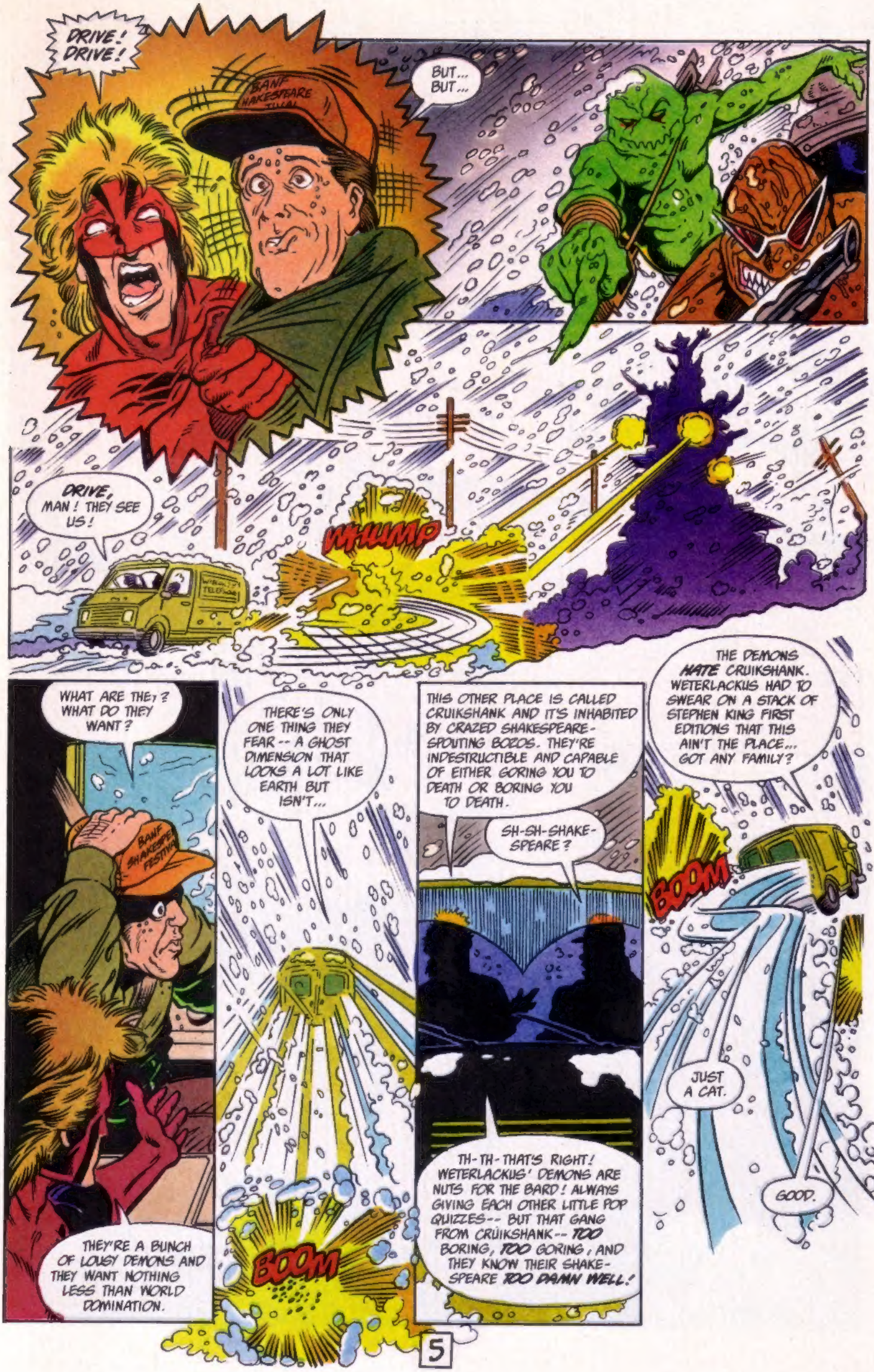
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE A WAGE SLAVE TO AN EXPLOITIVE CAPITALIST UTILITY.
YOU MIGHT PUT IT THAT WAY. THEY'VE BEEN OKAY TO ME. THE THING IS, I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT WHAT I'D DO IF I HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN...
AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER! DID YOU KNOW THE PHONE COMPANY USES THE BONE MARROW OF THIRD WORLD BABIES TO MAKE MICROCHIPS?
THAT SORT OF THING MAY GO ON, I WOULDN'T KNOW. THE THING IS, I'VE ALWAYS REGRETTED NOT BECOMING AN ACTOR... I ACTED IN HIGH SCHOOL, RICHARD III. I THINK I MAY HAVE HAD A TALENT FOR IT.
WAIT A MINUTE, MR. PHONE COMPANY RIPPER OF BABY MARROW, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE TALENT FOR ACTING?
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
WELL, I WISH I'D TRIED TO FIND OUT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? GOT TO GO NOW, I HAVE A COUPLE MORE STOPS BEFORE I HEAD ON HOME TO MY CAT... MERRY CHRISTMAS.
GO ON, YOU'RE ON THE AIR...
YEAH... I WAS CUT OFF EARLIER... I WANT TO DISCUSS EXACTLY WHY THE CIA IS BEHIND THE WORLD RAT POPULATION EXPLOSION...
WISCONSIN TELEPHONE
WAIT!

MISTER, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I'VE GOT A TOWER OF MAN-HUNGRY DEMONS ON MY TAIL!
SAY WHAT?
IT'S A @★%#!! BREAK-THROUGH! BEACH-HEAD EARTH! SLITHERING DEMONS WITH SLATHERING JAWS, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE ONE, THE ONLY, HIS SUPREME LOATHESOMENESS, LORD WETERLACKUS, ARCH-FIEND OF THE UNMENTIONABLE DIMENSIONS!
CAN'T YOU MENTION THEM?
NO. THE NEAREST I CAN COME IS... CINCINNATI.
WELL, PAL, IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE AND THIS IS THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. WHY DON'CHA HOP IN THE CAB AND I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE INTO TOWN.
MISTER, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM HERE AND NOW OR IT'S GOODBYE COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI, AND EVERY PLACE IN BETWEEN.
WHAT DID YOU SAY THEY WERE? HOB-GOBLINS?
A TOWER OF MONSTERS -- A LOUSY DEMON WAR MACHINE! AND LORD WETERLACKUS -- RIGHT ON TOP!
YOU GOT A HOME, PAL? JESUS, THIS SNOW IS GETTING WORSE!
OF COURSE! IT'S ALL PART OF THEIR BIG WINTER PUTSCH! LOOK-- THERE THEY ARE NOW.
BARD SHAKESPEAR FESTIVAL

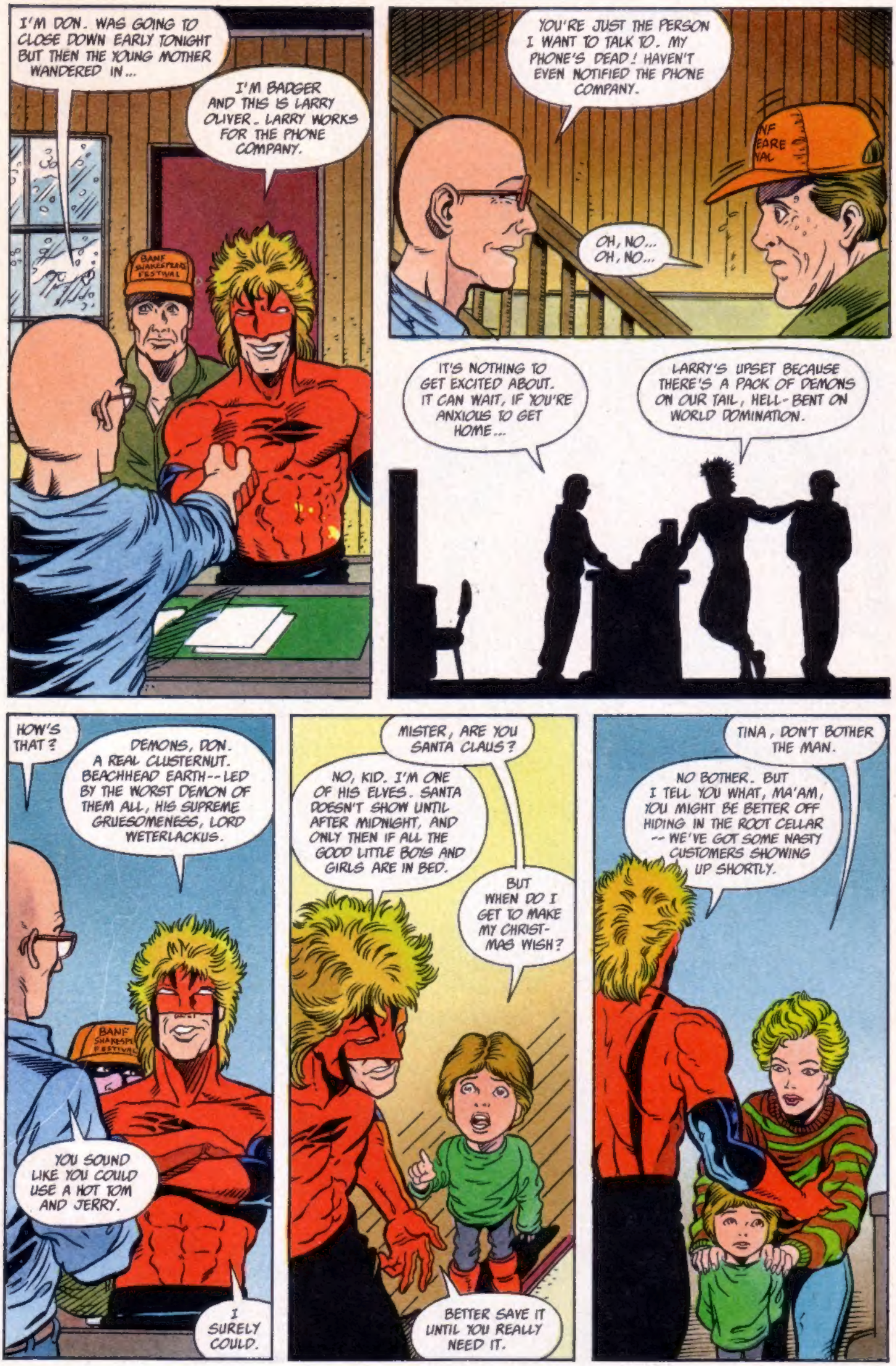
"The Actor"

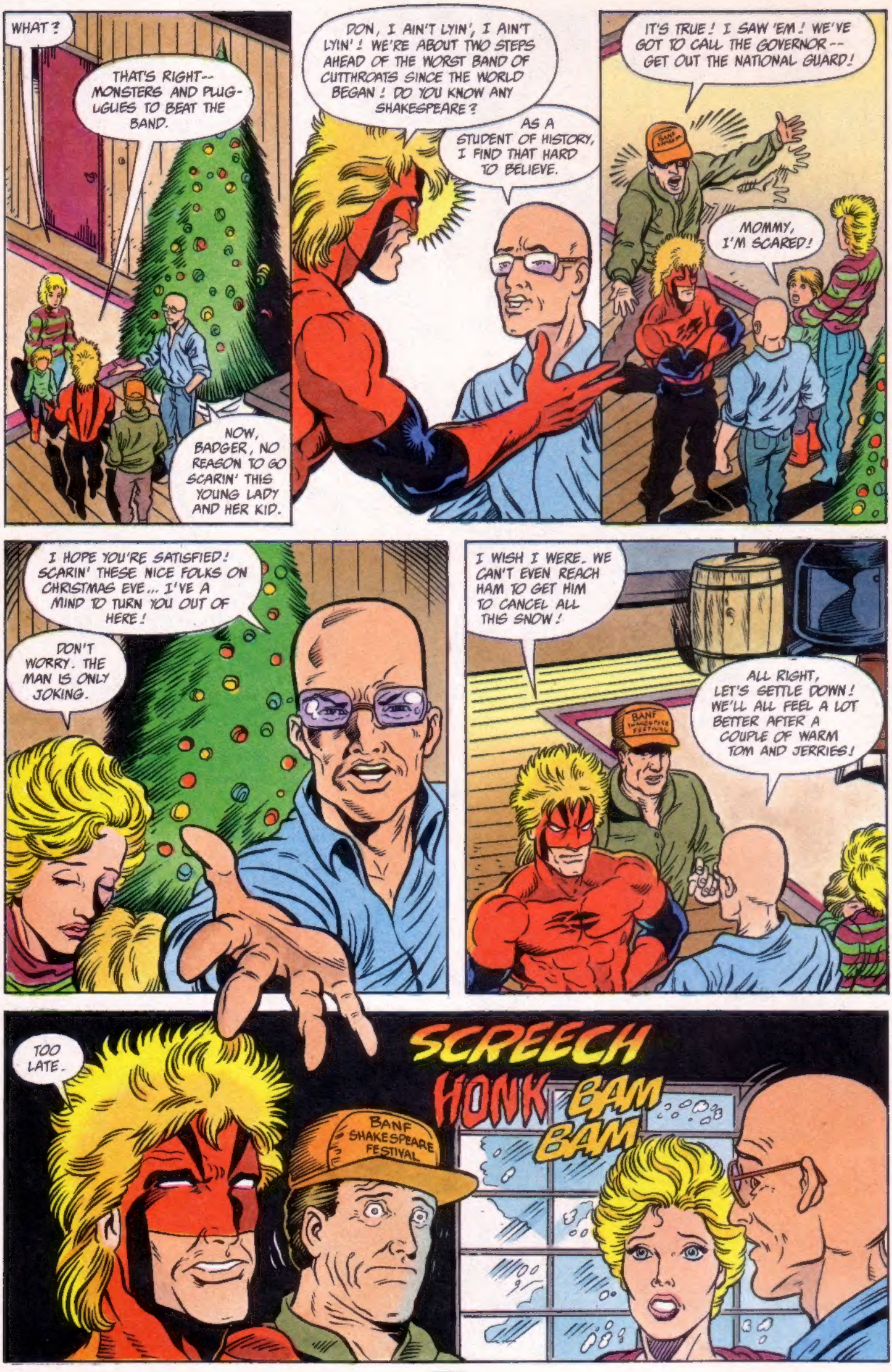
Brush up your Shakespeare,
Start quoting him now--
Brush up your Shakespeare,
And the ladies you will wow.
--Cole Porter

mike	ron	paul	bill	ray	larry
BARON	**LIM**	**ABRAMS**	**OAKLEY**	**MURTAUGH**	**DOYLE**
WRITER	PENCILLER	INKER	LETTERER	COLORIST	EDITOR


DRIVE! DRIVE!
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
BUT... BUT...
DRIVE, MAN! THEY SEE US!
WHUMP
WHAT ARE THEY? WHAT DO THEY WANT?
THEY'RE A BUNCH OF LOUSY DEMONS AND THEY WANT NOTHING LESS THAN WORLD DOMINATION.
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THEY FEAR -- A GHOST DIMENSION THAT LOOKS A LOT LIKE EARTH BUT ISN'T...
BOOM
THIS OTHER PLACE IS CALLED CRUIKSHANK AND IT'S INHABITED BY CRAZED SHAKESPEARE-SPOUTING BOZOS. THEY'RE INDESTRUCTIBLE AND CAPABLE OF EITHER GORING YOU TO DEATH OR BORING YOU TO DEATH.
SH-SH-SHAKE-SPEARE?
TH-TH-THAT'S RIGHT! WETERLACKUS' DEMONS ARE NUTS FOR THE BARD! ALWAYS GIVING EACH OTHER LITTLE POP QUIZZES-- BUT THAT GANG FROM CRUIKSHANK-- TOO BORING, TOO GORING, AND THEY KNOW THEIR SHAKE-SPEARE TOO DAMN WELL!
THE DEMONS HATE CRUIKSHANK. WETERLACKUS HAD TO SWEAR ON A STACK OF STEPHEN KING FIRST EDITIONS THAT THIS AIN'T THE PLACE... GOT ANY FAMILY?
BOOM
JUST A CAT.
GOOD.

STEP ON IT, PAL! LUCKY FOR US IT'S SNOWING -- THAT HEAP OF WETERLACKUS' CAN'T DO MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE ... HEAD ON BACK TO THAT ROADHOUSE. WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO THERE.
BOOM
BUT THIS IS A PHONE COMPANY TRUCK!
RRUMBLE
BOOM
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
FORGET IT. WE'VE GOT OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THE EARTH.
THOSE THINGS -- ARE THEY REALLY DEMONS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION?
YOU BET YOUR ASS! AND LORD WETERLACKUS IS THE WORST OF THE BUNCH! WE'RE TALKIN' SEVEN FEET OF MEAN GRISTLE! HE'S BEEN ITCHING TO JUNK EARTH SINCE HAM AND I TURNED HIS FACE INTO A STRIP-MINING OPERATION. THERE'S THE ROADHOUSE -- PULL IN THERE.
THEY HIT THE TRUCK -- WE'RE LOSING GAS!
BOY HOWDY! AIN'T A FIT NIGHT OUT FOR MAN NOR BEAST.
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT! MIGHT AS WELL JOIN THE PARTY, FOLKS. AIN'T NOBODY GOIN' NOWHERE UNTIL THIS STORM BLOWS OVER.

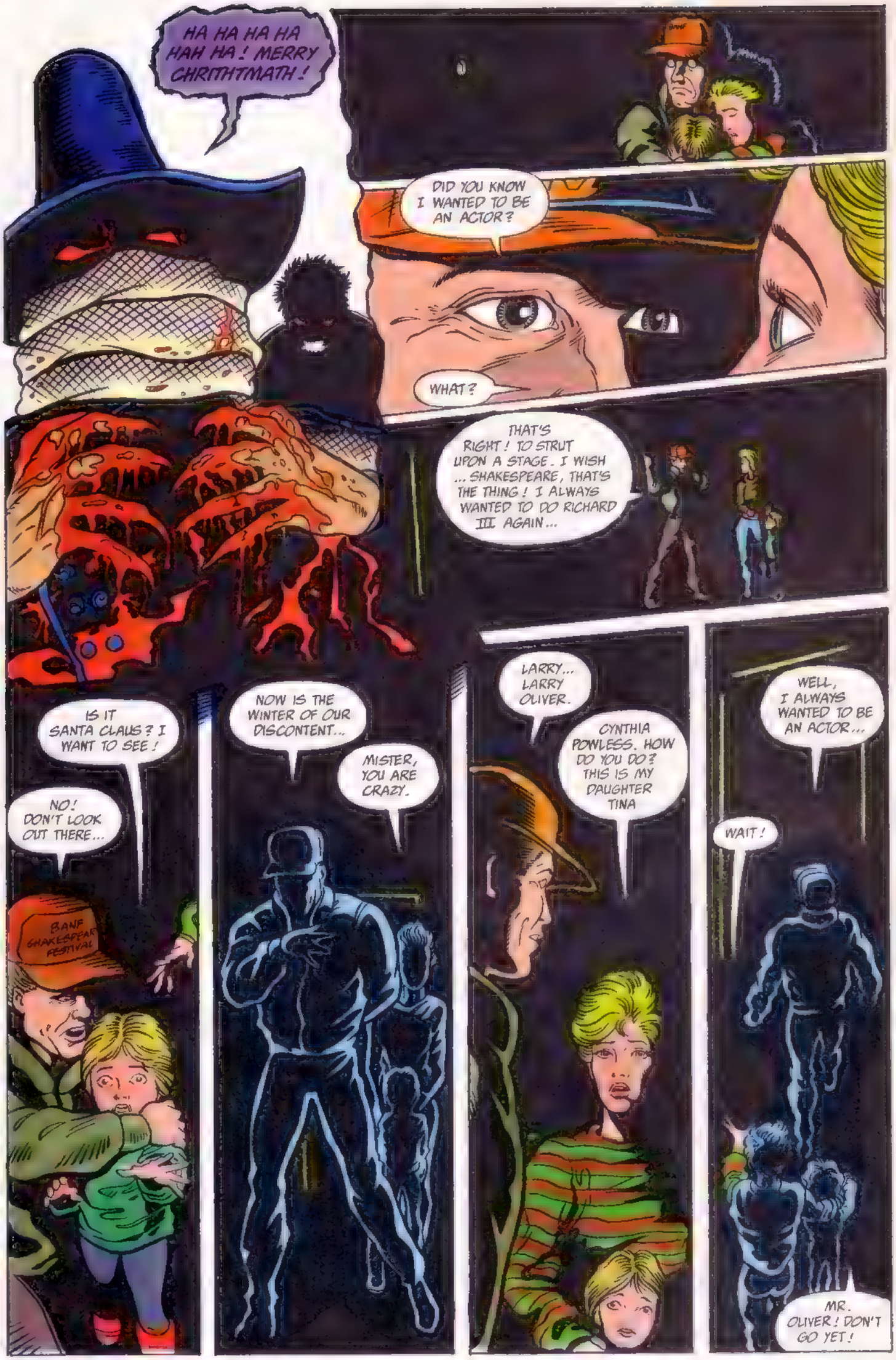

I'M DON. WAS GOING TO CLOSE DOWN EARLY TONIGHT BUT THEN THE YOUNG MOTHER WANDERED IN...
I'M BADGER AND THIS IS LARRY OLIVER. LARRY WORKS FOR THE PHONE COMPANY.
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I WANT TO TALK TO. MY PHONE'S DEAD! HAVEN'T EVEN NOTIFIED THE PHONE COMPANY.
OH, NO... OH, NO...
IT'S NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT. IT CAN WAIT, IF YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO GET HOME...
LARRY'S UPSET BECAUSE THERE'S A PACK OF DEMONS ON OUR TAIL, HELL-BENT ON WORLD DOMINATION.
HOW'S THAT?
DEMONS, DON. A REAL CLUSTERNUT. BEACHHEAD EARTH--LED BY THE WORST DEMON OF THEM ALL, HIS SUPREME GRUESOMENESS, LORD WETERLACKUS.
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU COULD USE A HOT TOM AND JERRY.
I SURELY COULD.
MISTER, ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?
NO, KID. I'M ONE OF HIS ELVES. SANTA DOESN'T SHOW UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND ONLY THEN IF ALL THE GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE IN BED.
BUT WHEN DO I GET TO MAKE MY CHRIST-MAS WISH?
BETTER SAVE IT UNTIL YOU REALLY NEED IT.
TINA, DON'T BOTHER THE MAN.
NO BOTHER. BUT I TELL YOU WHAT, MA'AM, YOU MIGHT BE BETTER OFF HIDING IN THE ROOT CELLAR -- WE'VE GOT SOME NASTY CUSTOMERS SHOWING UP SHORTLY.


WHAT?
THAT'S RIGHT-- MONSTERS AND PLUG-UGLIES TO BEAT THE BAND.
NOW, BADGER, NO REASON TO GO SCARIN' THIS YOUNG LADY AND HER KID.
DON, I AIN'T LYIN', I AIN'T LYIN'! WE'RE ABOUT TWO STEPS AHEAD OF THE WORST BAND OF CUTTHROATS SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN! DO YOU KNOW ANY SHAKESPEARE?
AS A STUDENT OF HISTORY, I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE.
IT'S TRUE! I SAW 'EM! WE'VE GOT TO CALL THE GOVERNOR-- GET OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD!
MOMMY, I'M SCARED!
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED! SCARIN' THESE NICE FOLKS ON CHRISTMAS EVE... I'VE A MIND TO TURN YOU OUT OF HERE!
DON'T WORRY. THE MAN IS ONLY JOKING.
I WISH I WERE. WE CAN'T EVEN REACH HAM TO GET HIM TO CANCEL ALL THIS SNOW!
ALL RIGHT, LET'S SETTLE DOWN! WE'LL ALL FEEL A LOT BETTER AFTER A COUPLE OF WARM TOM AND JERRIES!
TOO LATE.
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
SCREECH
HONK
BAM
BAM

THEY'RE HEEEERE...
OKAY, LET'S GO IN THE BACK ROOM. WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
COME ON, TINA.
BANG
CRASH
HONK
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
WHAT... WHAT'LL I DO?
ACT NONCHALANT... AND PRETEND THIS IS ACTUALLY A PLANET CALLED CRUIKSHANK. QUOTE SOME SHAKESPEARE-- BUT DON'T MESS IT UP.
CRUIKSHANK?
TRUST ME. IT'S THE ONLY THING THEY FEAR.
SHAKESPEARE?
THUMP! THUMP!
THAT'S RIGHT-- THAT'S THE ONLY OTHER THING THEY FEAR.
WHOOOSHH

THEATHONTH GREETINGTH, MON AMITH... I THEEM TO HAVE LOTHT MY BEARINGTH... COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO MADITHON?
INDEED. AND WHAT PLATH ITH THITH, PRAY TELL?
THIS IS CRUIKSHANK, PAL. MY FRIEND HERE'S SO PSYCHOTIC HE'S DROOLING.
HANG IN THERE... DO YOU KNOW MARC ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION?
SLAM!
M-M-MADISON?
THINTH WHEN DO THEY THELEBRATE CHRITHMATH ON CRUIKTHANK?
WHAT, THAT? THAT'S NOT A CHRISTMAS TREE! IT'S AN ANTI-CHRISTMAS TREE! WE'RE CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES. AFTERWARDS, WE'LL GO OUT AND RIP UP A FEW DEMONS AND CONSIGN THEIR SOULS TO DULL DESK JOBS FOR ALL ETERNITY! I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BORE THEM TO DEATH OR GORE THEM TO DEATH.
WHERE'S THAT, PAL? NEVER HEARD OF IT.

HMMMM...
I KNOW HOW HUMANTH TWELEBRATE CHRITHTMATH. THE TREE, THE PIÑATA...
MOMMY!
WHAT PIÑATA?
HUSH NOW..
THITH PIÑATA!
HEY! HOLD ON THERE ONE SECOND!
RR-
RRIIP!


HA HA HA HA HAH HA! MERRY CHRITHTMATH!
DID YOU KNOW I WANTED TO BE AN ACTOR?
WHAT?
THAT'S RIGHT! TO STRUT UPON A STAGE. I WISH ...SHAKESPEARE, THAT'S THE THING! I ALWAYS WANTED TO DO RICHARD III AGAIN...
IS IT SANTA CLAUS? I WANT TO SEE!
NO! DON'T LOOK OUT THERE...
BANF SHAKESPEAR FESTIVAL
NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT...
MISTER, YOU ARE CRAZY.
LARRY... LARRY OLIVER.
CYNTHIA POWLESS. HOW DO YOU DO? THIS IS MY DAUGHTER TINA
WELL, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE AN ACTOR...
WAIT!
MR. OLIVER! DON'T GO YET!

WHAT IS IT, TINA?
I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, MR. OLIVER
YES PLEASE KEEP MR. OLIVER SAFE FROM ALL HARM
IS THAT YOUR CHRISTMAS WISH, TINA?
;CHITTER;
;KEK KEK KEK;
THEE YOU, MY LOVELIETH? I TOLD YOU THITH WATH EARTH ON CHRITHTMATH EVE AND NOT CRUIKTHANK ATH THOME POLYANNATH INTHITHT.. FEATHT, MY LOVELIETH-- HAVE THITH PIÑATA FOR AN APPETIZER..
AND TEACH THAT BRATH EARTHLING A LETHON, FOR IT WATH HE WHO TH:CCED HITH RATTH ON ME, RUINING MY CLATHIC BEAUTY.
HEY! YOU WERE UGLY TO BEGIN WITH!

SWACK
KLUD
GIMME THAT THANG!
EAT ALIEN HOWITZER!
EEEYAAAHH!
KEKK!
FOOSH
FOOSH
FOOSH

DAMN! OUTTA GAS!
CLICK
SWACK
SWOP
THUD
WHACK
POW
WHACK
THUD

THEATH!
I HAVE PROVEN, I THINK, THAT THITH ITH EARTH AND NOT CRUIKTHANK. YOU THEE BEFORE YOU THE BRAVETHT AND MOTHT RETHOURTHFUL OF EARTHTH' WARRIORTH...
LADYETH, GENTLEMEN, AND THINGTH, I THUBMIT TO YOU THAT EARTH ITH DEFENTHLETH, ATH I PROMITHED. YOU ARE FREE TO PILLAGE AT WILL...
EARTH ITH YOURTH FOR THE TAKING!
EXCUSE ME...
YETH?
ARE YOU SURE THIS ISN'T CRUIKSHANK?

SIZZLE
EEEEEEEE*
HOLD!
I TOLD YOU TWITH ITH EARTH. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. NOW TWITART LOOTING!
NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT, MADE GLORIOUS SUMMER BY THIS GUN OF YORK...

BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
. AND ALL THE CLOUDS THAT LOUR'D UPON OUR HOUSE IN THE DEEP BOSOM OF OCEAN BURIED
SSSSSSSSS
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
NOW ARE OUR BROWS BOUND WITH VICTORIOUS WREATHS ..
HE STINKS! FILLET THE BASTARD!
BOOOOOOO
BOOO!
HISS!
KILLLLLL.
EXPUNGE HIM!
YOU MITHERABLE LITTLE LITHPING THETHPIAN.
I DO NOT LISP

YOU LISP!
EEEEEEEEEEEE
FOOSH
;KEK-KEK-KEK!
SSSGSS...
UGGA-BUGGA!
UGGA-BUGGA!
NYENYENYENNN...

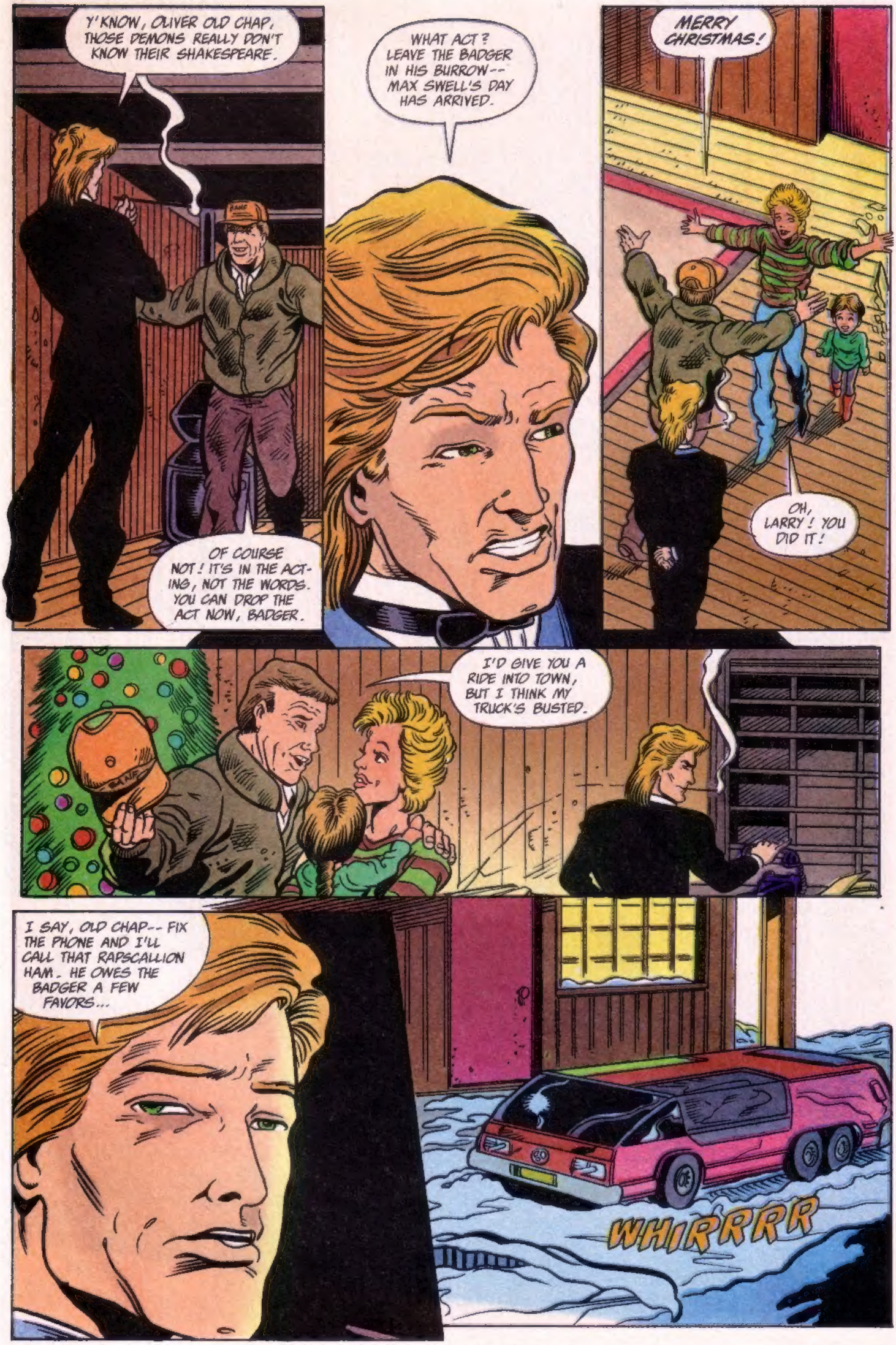
ALL RIGHT LARRY! TELL THAT UGLY SUCKER WHERE TO STICK IT!
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU LISP WORSE THAN ELMER FUDD!
HE DOES-- HE LISPS WORSE THAN FUDD.
IT'S THE LACK OF TONGUE, YOU KNOW...
YOU, BADGER! I REMEMBER YOU! YOU THICCED YOUR RATTH ON ME!
IS IT I, BADGER?
OR IS IT ME, PIERRE, ONE CRAZY, INDESTRUCTIBLE DEMON-HATING PSYCHO WITH THE POWER TO CONSIGN YOUR SOULS TO ETERNAL DESK JOBS?

LIETH! THITH ITH EARTH ON CHRITHTMATH EVE!
MORE SHAKESPEARE!
AYE! MORE SHAKESPEARE!
UNMANNER'D DOG! STAND THOU, WHEN I COMMAND: ADVANCE THY HALBERD HIGHER THAN MY BREAST, OR, BY ST. PAUL, I'LL STRIKE THEE TO MY FOOT, AND SPURN UPON THEE, BEGGAR, FOR THY BOLDNESS!
THITH -- THITH -- THITH -- THITH ITH THIMPLY LOUTHY! HOW CAN DEMONTH OF MINE ABIDE THUCH ROTTEN THAKE-THPEARE?! TEAR HIM APART, I COMMAND YOU!
BANF
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
BUT SOFT! HERE COME MY EXECUTIONERS HOW NOW, MY HARDY STOUT RESOLVED MATES! ARE YOU NOW GOING TO DISPATCH THIS DEED?
WE ARE, MY LORD; AND COME TO HAVE THE WARRANT.
WELL THOUGHT UPON; I HAVE IT HERE ABOUT ME.
TELEPHONE BILL

WHAT? WHAT? THOU CONTHPIRETH AGAINTHT ME?
HOW DOES THY HONOR? LET ME LICK THY SHOE. I'LL NOT SERVE HIM, HE IS NOT VALIANT.
ANF SPEARE TIVAL
THOU LIETH, MOTHT IGNORANT MONTHTER! WILT THOU TELL A MONTHTROUTH LIE, BEING BUT HALF A FITH AND HALF A MONTHTER?
LO, HOW HE MOCKS ME! WILT THOU LET HIM, MY LORD?
LORD, QUOTH HE! THAT A MONSTER SHOULD BE SUCH A NATURAL!
LO, LO AGAIN! BITE HIM TO DEATH, I PRITHEE!
TRINCULO, KEEP A GOOD TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD: IF YOU PROVE A MUTINEER, THE NEXT TREE! THE POOR MONSTER'S MY SUBJECT, AND HE SHALL NOT SUFFER INDIGNITY.
BANF SHAKESPEARES FESTIVAL
ENOUGH BAD BARD! YOU THOUNDETH LIKE A PEE WEE HERMAN DOLL! PREPARE TO JOIN THE LEGIONTH OF THE UNDEAD AT A BORING DETHK JOB FOR ALL ETERNITY!
THOU LIEST, THOU JESTING MONKEY, THOU: I WOULD MY VALIANT MASTER WOULD DESTROY THEE! I DO NOT LIE.
AS I TOLD THEE BEFORE, I AM SUBJECT TO A TYRANT, A SORCERER, THAT BY HIS CUNNING HATH CHEATED ME OF THE ISLAND...

NYARG! YON MORONIC MONTHTER HATH NO MORE PLATH IN RICHARD III THAN I DO!
BECAUSE, YOU IGNORANT FOOL, WE ARE NOT DOING RICHARD III -- WE'RE DOING THE TEMPEST!
HE DOES NOT KNOW HIS BARD...
HE IS NOT FIT TO LEAD...
HE LISPS WORSE THAN FUDD...
IT'S THE LACK OF TONGUE...
NO! NO! THITH ITH A TRICK! THITH ITH EARTH, I TELL YOU!
DEVOUR HIM AND YOU MAY RETURN WHENCE YOU CAME. REFUSE, AND BE CONSIGNED TO BORING DESK JOBS FOR ALL ETERNITY.
QUITE. WHO NEEDS A LISPING OLD BORE LIKE HIM ANYWAY?
YEA, YEA, MY LORD: I'LL YIELD HIM THEE ASLEEP, WHERE THOU MAYST KNOCK A NAIL INTO HIS HEAD...

NOW GET THEE GONE AND HASSLE NOT FAIR CRUIKSHANK EVER MORE.
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
RRRUMBLE


Y'KNOW, OLIVER OLD CHAP, THOSE DEMONS REALLY DON'T KNOW THEIR SHAKESPEARE.
OF COURSE NOT! IT'S IN THE ACTING, NOT THE WORDS. YOU CAN DROP THE ACT NOW, BADGER.
WHAT ACT? LEAVE THE BADGER IN HIS BURROW-- MAX SWELL'S DAY HAS ARRIVED.
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
OH, LARRY! YOU DID IT!
I'D GIVE YOU A RIDE INTO TOWN, BUT I THINK MY TRUCK'S BUSTED.
I SAY, OLD CHAP-- FIX THE PHONE AND I'LL CALL THAT RAPSCALLION HAM. HE OWES THE BADGER A FEW FAVORS...
WHIRRRR

YOU -- SWELL! PRODUCE THE BADGER, WON'T YOU? THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW.
I THINK NOT, OLD BEAN. I HAVE THREE PERFORMANCES OF "MESSIAH" TO ATTEND AT THE VERY LEAST. THEN WE'LL TALK.
FOR A DORMANT PERSONALITY, HE'S GOT A REMARKABLY ACTIVE SOCIAL LIFE.
MISTER, ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?
YES. I'M SANTA CLAUS, LITTLE GIRL. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JESSIE!
;SNIFF; HOW CHARMINGLY SENTIMENTAL. SHALL WE GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD? I RATHER FANCY A HOT BATH.
VERY WELL! EVERYONE INTO THE VAN! AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE, SIR?
THIS MAN IS A GREAT ACTOR -- SIR LARRY OLIVER.
BANF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

Dear Larry,

Badger #44 was primo! Vampiric IRS agents, virgin toads being kissed by undead princes, even Her Majesty, Senator Bob Kasten, in rare form. Badger wasn't bad, either. When do we get a Kasten/Lamont team-up? Hmmm?

Regarding the back-up: We always knew Steve had something wrong with him, but paisley??! (Hi Steve!) I guess politics'll do that to a fellow...

What's that on your tie? Ha! Made you look!

Mark A. Ayen
5 Glenvale Ave.
Darien, CT 06820

Did not.

Hey Larry,

I don't know what that creature was that Norbert fought in #44, but it damn sure wasn't a vampire!

I mean, no card carrying member of the un-dead worth his salt would *ever* allow himself to be taken out by a stinkin' pile of pork, regardless of whether it came equipped with a sharpened wooden leg or not.

You guys better hope Anne Rice doesn't find out about this.

And you better hope the Badger doesn't try to track me down and put me in a museum or something, either.

Uncle Elvis
17650 Dawson Springs
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

We do. We stay up nights worrying about it.

Dear Larry,

I enjoyed the vampire story from Badger #43 & #44. I squealed with laughter when I saw how the vampire bought it. There is one problem though, you folks made the same mistake a certain silent classic did, *vampires do not cast shadows!*

The preceding comment is not the real reason why I decided to process some words. I wrote to thank you folks for reviving my favorite hilariator, the one, the only (I know that some of the unenlightened thank the deity of their choice for this) Clonezone!

He is the reason I started buying this mag; I had to, after al,l he left Nexus (that fickle lizard).

All I have left to say is that I'm glad you did not move him to any other First titles. I can't afford to buy any more books! However, this does work in reverse sometimes, so let's not muck with the lizard any more or Guido will visit you one dark rainy evening.

Make Clonezone monthly!

Gary S. Sommer
Silver Springs, MD

Yo Larry,

Wowee! Badger #43 was lots of fun. Not the Badger story, I mean, that was okay — just the usual brilliant writing by Baron, great pencilling by Lim, and especially dynamic lettering by Oakley. But, I'm not here to talk to you about the Badger story. No, I have something much more important to speak to you about.

CLONEZONE.

You see, ever since Clonezone first appeared, I have considered him an un-funny, dumb, overgrown piece of snot that was unworthy of appearing in a comic published by First.

I would have rather gargled glass and drank hydrochloric acid than read a Clonezone story.

But, then I read Badger #43. And I actually enjoyed the Clonezone story!

I mean, I found it to be funny! Humorous! I actually laughed! Wow. Mike, if you can keep this up, I don't know what I'll do!

I must also commend Larry Doyle on a job well-done. Ever since he became editor, there has been an amazing improvement in this comic. In

"My pen pal and friend, Jeff Lacasse, said that if I were to write Zim Zam Zub Zoey on a piece of paper and send it in, that you guys would print it.
"Was he lying to me?"

fact, I would venture to say that Larry Doyle is quite possibly the coolest human being on the planet earth.

Jeff "LW" Lacasse
1516 West Cherry Avenue
Lompoc, CA 93436

That would be a good guess, Jeff, but I'm afraid I can't take any credit for any of the improvements in Badger. Those are all the product of Baron's mind and Lim's pencil, except for the letters column, which just sort of happens.

Dear Larry,

My pen pal and friend, Jeff Lacasse (you know, the guy who was drinking milk while reading the Badger and he laughed so hard it came out of his nose and dripped all over his comic — damn?), said that if I were to write Zim Zam Zub Zoey on a piece of paper and send it in, that you guys would print it.

Was he lying to me?

Cougar Traxx
700 Church Street
Bohemia, NY 11716

No.

P.S. I love Badger, too, and think it's really hilarious. Luckily though, I am happy to say nothing drips out of *my* nose when I read it. I tend to drool a lot though. Damn.

Where did you two meet, by the way?

Dear Larry,

Thank you very much for putting Clonezone back in the back of Badger. Having what are by far First's two best series in the same book is a real treat.

James Elwyn Hinds
805 Hoover
Jonesboro, AR 72401

Dear Larry,

I'm glad Clonezone is back.

A White Fanboy
Kenosha, WI

*I think that should be quite enough **Clonezone** worship for the time being. Rejoice, post-toadies, your snivelling little prayers have been answered. **Clonezone** will indeed get his own book.*

*Sometime next spring, Dark Horse Comics, in conjunction with First Publishing, will put out an as-yet-untitled Hilariator special written by Mr. **Baron** and drawn by the original Clonezone artist **Mark Nelson**, whose fine work can currently be seen ripping through Dark Horse's stunning **Aliens** limited series.*

*And, as long as we're plugging books from the competition, I would venture to say **Paul Chadwick's Concrete** is way, way cool.*

Larry,

This is about Mr. Thompson, the Comics Buyer's Guide and the assertion that Badger fans are a bunch of idiots. You really should have Badger kick Mr. Thompson's spleen loose. What the hell, it's...

At this point the letter becomes illegible.

NEXT ISSUE: Badger, Ham and Mavis are summoned to the Amazon jungle by the rather surly Handmaidens of the Sacred Blood. By **Mike Baron**, **Ron Lim**, and **Paul Abrams**. Plus, you asked for it: A Badger-Clonezone back-up.

– Larry Doyle